THE GREAT ZIEGFELD

25¢

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

FOREWORD

IN a Career as far flung as that of Flo Ziegfeld's, the circumstances of Time, Place and Date offered a major problem in adapting the story of his life to the screen . . . That we have taken liberties with such details, at times sacrificing authentic chronology for the sake of condensation and sheer limitations of playing-time, we readily acknowledge. *BUT* if we have done so in the interests of that Entertainment and Glamour for which the name and genius of Flo Ziegfeld so enduringly stood, we ask your indulgence, particularly the indulgence of those who knew him with professional intimacy, with the assurance that in so doing we have nevertheless retained the full spirit and many of the actual events that comprised his Chapter of the American Theatre.

HUNT STROMBERG
Producer for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
of "THE GREAT ZIEGFELD"

METRO-Goldwyn MAYER

Presents

The GREAT ZIEGFELD

starring

William POWELL

Myrna LOY Luise RAINER

THE CAST

FLORENZ ZIEGFELD, JR.	WILLIAM POWELL
BILLIE BURKE	MYRNA LOY
ANNA HELD	LUISE RAINER
BILLINGS	FRANK MORGAN
FANNIE BRICE	FANNIE BRICE
AUDREY DANE	VIRGINIA BRUCE
SAMPSTON	REGINALD OWEN
RAY BOLGER	RAY BOLGER
SIDNEY	ERNEST COSSART
DR. ZIEGFELD	JOSEPH CAWTHORNE
SANDOW	NAT PENDLETON
HARRIET HOCTOR	HARRIET HOCTOR
MARY LOU	JEAN CHATBURN
ERLANGER	PAUL IRVING
COSTUMER	HERMAN BING
PIANIST	CHARLES JUDELS
MAID	MARCELLE CORDAY
PRESS AGENT	RAYMOND WALBURN

A. A. TRIMBLE as WILL ROGERS
BUDDY DOYLE as EDDIE CANTOR

THE PRODUCTION STAFF

Producer: HUNT STROMBERG

Director: ROBERT Z. LEONARD

Author: WM. ANTHONY McGUIRE

Dances and Ensembles Staged by SEYMOUR FELIX

Special Music and Lyrics by WALTER DONALDSON and HAROLD ADAMSON

Harriet Hoctor Ballet Music by CON CONRAD

Lyrics by HERB MAGIDSON

Musical Direction by ARTHUR LANGE

Arrangements by FRANK SKINNER

Art Direction by CEDRIC GIBBONS

Associates: MERRIL PYE, JOHN HARKRIDER, EDWIN B. WILLIS

Gowns and Fashion Parades by ADRIAN

Photographed by OLIVER T. MARSH, A.S.C.

Ziegfeld Roof Numbers by GEORGE FOLSEY, A.S.C., and KARL FREUND, A.S.C.

Melody Number by RAY JUNE, A.S.C.

Hoctor Ballet by MERRITT B. GERSTAD, A.S.C.

Film Editor: WILLIAM S. GRAY

History: Story and screen play by WM. ANTHONY McGUIRE. Suggested by romances and incidents in the life of America's greatest showman, FLORENZ ZIEGFELD, JR.

In the production of THE GREAT ZIEGFELD, Mr. Stromberg extends appreciation for the cooperation of his assisting staff:

Sam Zimbalist
R. A. Golden — John Hoffman
Art Smith — Sid Algiers

Musical Numbers in "The Great Ziegfeld"

1. I WISH YOU'D COME AND PLAY WITH ME
   Luise Rainer
2. IT'S DELIGHTFUL TO BE MARRIED
   Luise Rainer and LILLIAN RUSSELL GIRLS
3. THE ZIEGFELD FOLLIES:
   (a) Buddy Doyle as EDDIE CANTOR
   (b) Irving Berlin's A PRETTY GIRL IS LIKE A MELODY
4. THE ZIEGFELD ROOF . . . MIDNIGHT FROLICS:
   (a) YOU GOTTA PULL STRINGS
   The Glorified Girls
   (b) SHE'S A FOLLIES GIRL
   Ray Bolger and The Glorified Girls
   (c) YOU
   Honeymoon Cottage
   Ziegfeld Brides and Grooms
   Honeymoon Bedroom
   Ziegfeld Bridal Girls
   (d) YOU NEVER LOOKED SO BEAUTIFUL
   Virginia Bruce and Chorus
   (e) PARADE OF THE GLORIFIED GIRLS
   Gowns by Adrian
5. YIDDLE ON YOUR FIDDLE
   Fannie Brice and Burlesque Girls
6. MY MAN
   Fannie Brice
7. A CIRCUS MUST BE DIFFERENT IN A ZIEGFELD SHOW
   Harriet Hoctor and Ballet

— and —

"Look for the Silver Lining" (from SALLY) ..... Jerome Kern
"A Pretty Girl Is Like a Melody" ..... Irving Berlin
"March of the Musketeers" (from THE THREE MUSKETEERS) ..... Rudolf Friml
"Ol' Man River" (from SHOWBOAT) ..... Jerome Kern
"Making Whoopee" (from WHOOPEE) ..... Donaldson and Kahn
"Rio Rita" (from RIO RITA) ..... Tierney and McCarthy
"Someone Loves You After All" (from KID BOOTS) ..... Tierney and McCarthy
"Tulip Time" ..... Dave Stamper
"If You Knew Susie" ..... B. G. De Sylva

(To these eminent composers, whose never-to-be-forgotten melodies contribute to the History and Tradition of THE GREAT ZIEGFELD, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer offers Acknowledgment and Appreciation.)

WHO'S WHO IN THE CAST

WILLIAM POWELL

To find the right man to play Florenz Ziegfeld, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer appealed to his wife, Billie Burke. Whom would she suggest as the most likely actor to play her beloved husband? Miss Burke replied: "I visualize Mr. Powell as the only person capable of bringing Mr. Ziegfeld back to life on the screen . . . not because of any resemblance, but because he possesses certain characteristics which make me think of Flo everytime I see him." William Powell's portrayal of The Great Ziegfeld covers a forty year period in the showman's life.

MYRNA LOY

Myrna Loy is the screen's ideal wife — and William Powell is her perfect movie husband! They were married in "The Thin Man," "Manhattan Melodrama" and "Evelyn Prentice." "The Great Ziegfeld" again stars them as man and wife. Myrna Loy plays Billie Burke. In reality there are two Billie Burkes—the one her fans know as the delightful comedienne of stage and screen —and the one her friends and family know as the wife of America's great showman and the mother of his daughter. It is the latter Billie Burke Miss Loy portrays in "The Great Ziegfeld."

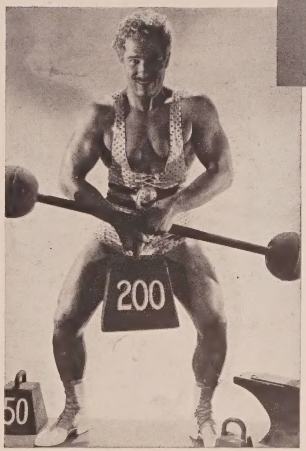
LUISE RAINER

The eyes have it! And that is one of the big reasons lovely Luise Rainer, Viennese star, and the girl with "Europe's Most Beautiful Eyes" was selected to play the role of Anna Held. Anna was famous for her large, lustrous eyes . . . eyes that would not behave . . . eyes that twinkled with a pseudo naughtiness . . . eyes that captured the heart of America's greatest showman. Miss Rainer possesses as well the precious qualities which endeared the French star to all who knew her well: gracious femininity, a gentle charm and a half-child, half woman allure.

OF "THE GREAT ZIEGFELD"

VIRGINIA BRUCE

When it came to selecting someone to play Audrey Dane, most glorious of the Master Showman's glorified beauties in "The Great Ziegfeld," there was only one possible choice: Virginia Bruce. The role of Audrey called for a striking blonde, a perfect figure, and a peaches and cream complexion—assets which Ziegfeld himself glorified when he chose Miss Bruce for one of his last stage revues.



NAT PENDLETON

Sandow, the Strong Man! Ziegfeld's first bid for fame in the entertainment world! Nat Pendleton plays Sandow with gusto and humor. He dyed his hair pink for the role—and the moustache he grew, too—justifiable sacrifices for "Art!"

FRANK MORGAN

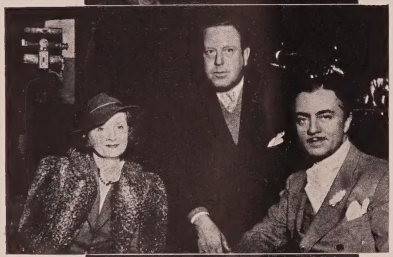
Frank Morgan plays Billings, worst of Ziegfeld's competitors—and most consistent of his financial saviors in time of need — in short, his best friend and severest critic in "The Great Ziegfeld."

Jean Chatburn leaps from movie obscurity to distinction by her portrayal of the girl "Mary Lou."

JEAN CHATBURN

REGINALD OWEN

Even so great a showman as Florenz Ziegfeld needed a business manager! That character in "The Great Ziegfeld" is portrayed by Reginald Owen, who plays Sampston, the harrassed and worrisome keeper of the bills. Fans will remember Owen as Jeanette MacDonald's bewildered manager in "Rose Marie" and as Myrna Loy's unromantic fiance in "Petticoat Fever."



PRODUCING "THE GREAT ZIEGFELD" A GIGANTIC TASK ENTAILING A YEAR OF PRE-FILMING EFFORT

FILMING "The Great Ziegfeld" at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios was a task of gargantuan proportions that taxed the resources of the entire production staff.

The first consideration was the story itself, which had to encompass not only the entertainment and glamour for which the genius of Flo Ziegfeld so enduringly stood, but also the far-flung and amazing career of the man himself. Here was a tale so wide in scope, so brilliant in color and so thrilling in content that it seemed impossible to keep it within the confines of any one motion picture production.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer selected Wm. Anthony McGuire to write the story and screen play and to assist Producer Hunt Stromberg and Director Robert Z. Leonard as consultant in production. Actual associate of Mr. Ziegfeld and author of some of his great stage presentations, Mr. McGuire recaptured in the story you see in "The Great Ziegfeld" the full spirit and drama of the events that comprised the Master Showman's Chapter in the American Theatre.

Atmospheric authenticity was demanded by Producer Stromberg and Director Leonard. Months of research prefaced the decision to include scenes, sequences and legends surrounding the personality of Ziegfeld himself. The choice of stars and players who enact the one hundred and five speaking roles in the picture was based upon the ability to portray the characters involved in the story without attempt to imitate or impersonate the men and women who peopled Ziegfeld's life, personal and professional.

Even Ziegfeld's own method of preparing a stage production for big metropolitan audiences was utilized. A complete dress rehearsal, similar to his night-before-the-premiere presentations, was accorded each musical number in the picture.

Bulletins from Producer Stromberg and Director Leonard kept Art Director Cedric Gibbons' department on its toes. "Reconstruct the famous Midway of the Chicago World's Fair of 1893". . . . "Build replicas of the old Dewey Burlesque, the Palace Music Hall in London, the Herald Square, Casino, New Ziegfeld, Lyric, Majestic and Ziegfeld Roof Theatres in New York". . . . Nor were they all. Sections of many famous hotels as they were a quarter of a century ago were reconstructed with painstaking care: Ziegfeld's suite in the Ansonia, Anna Held's apartment at the Savoy, the gambling casino of Monte Carlo. The production also called for a replica of the popular Sixty Club, where Ziegfeld first met Billie Burke, who later became his wife. A faithful copy of Ziegfeld's home in Hastings and numerous theatrical offices, including "Ziggy's" own, were also needed.

Against such backgrounds, each memorializing an actual setting that figured in the life of the Master Showman, Director Robert Z. Leonard put his cast through their paces.

And producer, director, camera men, props, cast, dance directo art and costume departments—in short, the entire personnel of Hun Stromberg's producing staff, dic their stint in honor of the one and only Ziegfeld—The Great Ziegfeld

Left: At the top are Victor Baravalle, musical director of many of Ziegfeld's stage productions, Dance Director Seymour Felix, and Author Wm. Anthony McGuire, discussing the ballet sequences in the picture with Harriet Hoctor. Center: Miss Billie Burke visits Director Robert Z. Leonard and William Powell on "The Great Ziegfeld" set at the Metro - Goldwyn - Mayer Studios. Bottom: With "Naughty Marietta" and "Rose Marie," two outstanding romantic musical hits to his credit, Producer Hunt Stromberg looks over the production plans for this new picture—the most ambitious of his career. Right: The camera snaps the glorified girls as they take time out to rest between rehearsals.

CHOOSING THE GIRLS FOR "THE GREAT ZIEGFELD"
A SEARCH FOR BEAUTY COVERING 7,000 MILES

FLORENZ ZIEGFELD maintained that no one section of America held a monopoly on beautiful women, and his belief is well borne out by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's selection of the forty-four girls who play the glorified beauties in "The Great Ziegfeld."

An area of 7,000 miles is represented by this crop of loveliness, for it took nineteen States, Alaska and Canada to yield the forty-four beauties ultimately chosen out of the hundreds screen-tested.

One was found on a fashion magazine page. One was discovered at a brilliant social function. One was spotted in the front row of a Broadway musical show. One was spied working in a Hollywood shoe shop. One was encountered at a college football game. And one was an inmate of an orphanage. So the search went on, until the social, theatre, business, art and school worlds found their way to Hollywood in the persons of these superbly beautiful girls.

Long hair, height and intelligence, three Ziegfeld standards of beauty, were observed in choosing these girls.

Seymour Felix, dance director of "The Great Ziegfeld," who acted in a similar capacity for the Ziegfeld stage productions, said: "I considered their brains before I did their legs; they dance with their brains."

A glance into their educational backgrounds revealed the fact that exclusive seminaries, convents and colleges for the most part gave them their schooling — and so into the discard goes the old "Beauty But No Brains" fetish.

"The Great Ziegfeld" beauties represent a unique combination of physical perfection and keenness of mind, plus the ability to work hard to achieve their ambitions.

Fourteen aspire to be actresses; ten to become dancers. Twelve are studying painting and sculpture; two, interior decorating. One wants a musical comedy career. Radio singing, writing and even law figure among the ambitions confessed by the remainder of the forty-four. Perhaps the most unusual is the beauty who wants some day to own a home for stray pets.

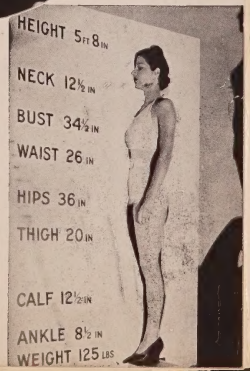
Certainly the question of heart-interest is justifiably asked of girls as lovely as these! All but one are interested in marriage, a husband, a home and children. Thirty-three root for American husbands. Two believe only an Englishman will do. One will promise to love, honor and cherish none but an Irishman. Seven waive the question of nationality, and one lone beauty insists that marriage and a career can never be mixed—and she chooses a career. The ideal age for marriage, by majority vote, is twenty-five.

These beauties have their literary favorites, too, with Dickens, Somerset Maugham, Mark Twain, Gene Fowler, Stefan Zweig, Pearl Buck, Shakespeare and Tennyson ranking high.

Not that any suspicion of blue-stocking invades their performance in "The Great Ziegfeld!" In this, they are all for the eye, and all for the delight of a beauty-loving public. That is their purpose in the picture, and it is a purpose magnificently fulfilled.

As to how they retain that loveliness, exercise is their unanimous answer. All of these shapely girls pursue some sport: swimming, walking, dancing, tennis and horseback riding are prime favorites, with golf, rope jumping and that daily dozen as additional aids in keeping the beauty with which they are blessed.

Certainly the standards and tradition of beauty as set down by Florenz Ziegfeld are exemplified by the glorified girls in "The Great Ziegfeld."



Jack Dawn, M-G-M's make-up artist, assisted Seymour Felix in choosing the girls who were to be glorified in "The Great Ziegfeld." Each girl was fitted to a chart that noted the perfect measurements according to Ziegfeld standards. The leg measurements are those of Toni Lanier, whose limbs Ziegfeld called "the most perfect in the world." Miss Lanier is a member of the chorus of glorified girls who play in "The Great Ziegfeld."

DANCE ENSEMBLES AND COSTUMES REPRESENT LAVISH DISPLAY IN KEEPING WITH THE ZIEGFELD TRADITION

TWO thousand yards of pleated chiffon . . . one million tiny blue sequins . . . 12 yards of curled white ostrich plumes . . . 55 dozen Chinese pheasant tails . . . these were a few items needed for the magnificent costumes dsigned by Adrian for "The Great Ziegfeld."

So many new ideas were incorporated by the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer stylist in these creations that no details were permitted to filter through the workshop. Full costume plans for the picture were kept secret. They were entrusted only to the few chosen wardrobe experts who headed the thousands who worked for three months to make them. One of the largest sound stages at the studio was turned over as workroom for this army of embroiderers, beaders, feather workers, jewel craftsmen and seamstresses.

The creations are so elaborate and so much depends upon their effect in motion, that live models were used instead of tailor's dummies by the wardrobe department, with flawless fabrics and the finest of workmanship insuring further perfection in the carrying out of Adrian's costume ideas. In addition to the Fashion Parade glorifying the beauties, Adrian also created the gowns worn by members of the cast throughout the picture.

SEYMOUR FELIX, dance director, whom Ziegfeld once proclaimed "King of All He Surveys," directed the lavish ensemble numbers in "The Great Ziegfeld." His particular method of giving invaluable assistance to all involved in recording his great spectacles is unique. Equipped with his own "candid camera," he photographed rehearsals, clicking the girls as they rehearsed their steps and formations on a series of raised, moving platforms. He lensed them from every angle—shooting now from the floor and now from the rafters overhead. From hundreds of photographs thus made, he selected the best, enlarged them and turned them over to the production department and cameramen, who, in turn, used them as guides for the actual photographing of the completed numbers.

The "Pretty Girl Is Like a Melody" spectacle, which is danced in the studio constructed Ziegfeld Roof, was so large in scope that a special stage had to be built for it. Rehearsals were held in a circus tent pitched for the purpose outside the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios. Felix devoted two months to planning and rehearsing the spectacle and two months were needed to film it. It required six complete crews to man the battery of cameras that recorded it for "The Great Ziegfeld."

Three of the Glorified Girls model the magnificent costumes designed by Adrian for his breath-taking Fashion Parade. Among Adrian's costumes are his conceptions of "The Snow Queen," "The Pheasant Girl," "The Water Fall," "The Wing Girl," "The Bird of Paradise Girl" and an exotic living picture known as "The Pearl of Java," superb creations that reflect the Ziegfeld tradition. Right: Harriet Hoctor and the ballet girls in one of the dazzling ensembles directed and created by Seymour Felix for "The Great Ziegfeld."

ZIEGFELD CELEBRITIES WHO PLAY THEMSELVES IN "THE GREAT ZIEGFELD" AUGMENT CAST OF SCREEN PERSONALITIES FEATURED IN THE PRODUCTION

THE elongated Fannie Brice wriggled down the illuminated runway in a Hollywood studio reproduction of the Old Dewey Burlesque Theatre—and one of the most important sequences of "The Great Ziegfeld" was on its way.

It was at the Old Dewey that Ziegfeld discovered Miss Brice, and the episode of their meeting is recreated in all its humor and pathos in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production.

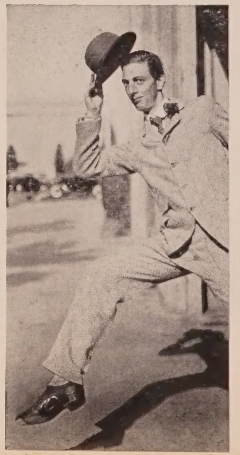
Naturally no one but Miss Brice could play herself in the picture. No story of Ziegfeld's life would be complete without her. She was one of the important chapters in the great showman's amazing rise to fame.

Another famous Ziegfeld star who plays herself in the picture is Harriet Hoctor. Exquisite and fragile as a rare bit of china, she possesses the beauty found always in a Ziegfeld show, and in addition the superb talent that made him consider her the American Pavlova

Miss Hoctor recreates her role of Ziegfeld's premiere danseuse in "The Great Ziegfeld," starring in the dazzling and unusual Lion Ballet.

The story of "The Great Ziegfeld" abounds in the famous personalities who were associated with the master showman. His daughter Patricia; his father, Dr. Florenz Ziegfeld; his great stars, Bert Williams, W. C. Fields, Eddie Cantor and numerous other personalities that made his productions famous; his associates and his servants; his business rivals; producers; men-about-town; Sidney his valet for a quarter of a century; Sam the towering negro doorman who stood guard at his office; Goldie, his private secretary; Alice Pool, his special operator and custodian of his "Book of Girls," who could, on a minute's notice, reach any of the lovely stage beauties.

All these, who were part and parcel of his daily life, are portrayed or suggested in the picture. They aren't impersonated or imitated, they are there—suggested in a manner that captures completely the essence and spirit of the man's existence. And, in an especially touching sequence, two great names of the American show world are paid tribute—You see Ziegfeld convince Will Rogers that it is his comedy, not his lariat the public applauds . . . and you see beloved Will encouraging the dying Ziegfeld to believe that some day he will again produce a show worthy of the tradition for which his name alone stood.



Harriet Hoctor in her Lion Ballet Costume in "The Great Ziegfeld" . . . Fannie Brice as she appears in the role of Fannie Brice in the picture . . . and Ray "Rubber Legs" Bolger, another celebrity in the cast. Although Bolger, one of the sensational dancers of the stage, was not an original Ziegfeld star, he is a laugh-provoking personality who would have delighted the famous showman. In the picture he plays one of the stage hands who is discovered dancing as he works—and who is given a chance to make good in a Ziegfeld production.

A PRETTY GIRL IS LIKE A MELODY. To prove it, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer built the most elaborate setting ever conceived on a revolving stage containing 75 steps that lead up to the apex occupied by Virginia Bruce as the most glorious of the Glorified Girls. With Stanley Morner as the singer, the various tableaux illustrating famous melodies are presented by 192 magnificently costumed girls and men.

"THE GREAT ZIEGFELD"—*The Story of the Film*

"WON'T You Come and Play Wiz Me?"

As the lovely girl sang, her eyes smiled in mischief. She brought forth a mirror and reflected the spotlight rays upon her audience. She flashed it here and there, picking out now this one and that, much to the amusement of the man in the upper box.

She was a find he thought to himself—well worth travelling all the way from Chicago to London for! He laughed inwardly as he thought of Chicago and the World's Fair. Hadn't he cleaned up a fortune with his Midway concession—a fortune that enabled him to come to England to sign up this glamorous, luscious Anna Held who was the toast of the Continent? The contract assigning him, J. Billings, as her manager was in her dressing room. The deal was as good as closed.

He watched her as she sang her way across the stage to the extreme box on the other side. He gasped as he recognized the occupant of that box. Ziegfeld! What the dickens was Ziegfeld doing in the theatre! Confound the man. That very afternoon he had loaned Ziggy the return fare to America. But Ziggy hadn't gone—that was evident now. And if he hadn't—what was he up to? Why had he come to the theatre. Who had told him that Billings was interested in signing up Anna Held? He must be after her himself; and when Ziegfeld set out for a thing—especially if a lady was involved—he got what he was after.

A sudden calm disseminated his anger. He'd forgotten for the moment that Ziegfeld was stone, flat broke. The $50,000 Ziggy made with Sandow the Strong Man at the World's Fair had been spent in one week at Monte Carlo. He couldn't sign up Anna Held without any funds . . . but then, you never could foretell what he could or couldn't do. Hadn't he turned Sandow the flop of the Midway into the greatest attraction at the Fair? Hadn't he always stolen every girl that Billings had set a tender eye upon? Hadn't he taken away Sidney, Billings' valet, from right under his nose? There wasn't any explaining it. The truth of the matter was that Ziegfeld got away with things. He was full of tricks, too; like sending telegrams when it was just as simple to shout a message across an areaway; like tipping messenger boys and waiters when he didn't have the price of a meal in his pocket; like munching on chocolates instead of chewing; like collecting ivory elephants for luck—at the word luck, Billings grew nervous. Ziegfeld had luck, that was it. The more he thought about it the more he knew he must work fast. He reached for his hat and cane as the crowd burst into wild applause for Anna Held. He glared across at the box—and controlled his desire to roar. The box was empty. Ziegfeld had gone.

Billings rushed backstage to Anna's dressing room and pounded on the door. The maid opened it. "Madame is busy," she announced and closed it in his face—but not before he had taken in the picture of Ziegfeld and Anna bent over a contract; and not before he had seen the huge porcelain elephant filled with hundreds of orchids. Porcelain elephants and orchids—that was Ziggy's touch! Why the man had actually spent the money he, Billings, had lent him for his fare home, on porcelain and orchids for Anna Held!

He stamped away in a rage; no use trying to sign her up now. No matter what happened, he knew her manager would be Florenz Ziegfeld.

Ziegfeld brought Anna to New York in a blaze of publicity. There were Anna Held hats — Anna Held shoes—Anna Held corsets—Anna Held cosmetics—but for some reason the public preferred established favorites to investigating imported talent.

"Sometimes I think I am too happy," sighed Anna. "I am afraid it won't always be like this." His tender smile reassured her.

Box office receipts fell off.

More publicity! Better publicity! Unique publicity! was Ziegfeld's cry. He must get Anna Held the kind of publicity which would establish her in New York as she was already established in Paris and London.

He finally did—but only over Anna's protests and tears. It was the milk bath gag which conquered America's disinterest in foreign talent as exemplified by the glamorous Miss Held.

"I am a singer," she wept. "I have success because I sing in France and England. In America I must take a bath in milk to be successful. I will not do it."

"As you like, dear," he answered, "but every day I shall send you four cans of milk; twenty gallons of milk; you can do what you like with it; but the papers shall say you bathe in it."

When Anna discovered her name plastered all over the front page, it was the last straw. "Ziegfeld Sued for Anna Held's Milk Bill," ran the headlines.

"I will not see the reporters," she stormed. "I am hurt—humiliated."

She glared at him, but before his smile the anger left her face and she burst into childlike sobs. "I will see them," she whispered.

And the milk bath craze swept the country. Now Anna Held was someone everybody wanted to see and hear. The girl who took milk baths for her beauty! Once the public had seen her, they returned again and again. Her songs, her charm, her pseudo naughtiness, her beautiful eyes, her skin, made her the greatest bet in the theatre!

The three years that followed were supremely happy for them both. Fortune smiled at them in their marriage and in every show they produced.

Her happiness knew no bounds; every day he sent her gifts and the daily bouquet of orchids became a ritual in their lives.

His most beautiful gift, the diamond necklace and matching bracelet, marked the first anniversary of their wedding and first serious quarrel.

Anna rushed to greet him as he entered her room. "Flo," she asked, "are you as happy as I am?"

"Happier," he answered as he kissed her.

"Sometimes I think I am too happy," she sighed. "Sometimes I get afraid it won't always be like this—working only for you, while you do ze show just for me."

He was silent a moment. "Couldn't I do another show without spoiling our happiness?" he asked.

"Of course you could." The smile left her face and her mood changed abruptly. "Do you want to do some other show?" she asked.

"Well," he smiled, "now that you're so successful, I'd like to do something for myself—I mean I've got a great idea I want to carry out.

"You could be a great star if you forgot about champagne, Audrey," he said. "Does Anna think so, too?" she answered mockingly. "And what about Mary Lou?" "I've known Mary Lou since she was six years old," he answered smilingly.

"Idea for a show?" she asked fearfully. "With music and girls?"

"Beautiful girls," he nodded.

"And without me. Yes?" Her voice was bitter.

He sensed her jealousy and changed the subject.

A show with music and beautiful girls. That was his dream.

Anna's jealousy and lack of funds were two obstacles—and somehow getting the money was easier than placating Anna. There was always Billings—Billings always had money or knew where to get it.

"But I'm broke," insisted Billings when they met. "Thats' why I'm hooked up with Klaw and Erlanger now."

"Suits me," replied Ziggy. "Erlanger is the man I need. I want to do a new show—a big show—and all he has to do is put up the money and furnish the theatre."

"But you'll furnish the star?" Billings asked.

"No—this show isn't for Anna. She's all set. In this one I'm going to star the girls."

"Don't be ridiculous," protested Billings. "Without personalities you haven't a chance."

"I'll have personalities — but mostly blondes and brunettes. Not the kind of girl show you've ever seen before either. I want to put silk drapes on the stage—and lace—and beautiful girls. I'll dress them—not for the bald-headed men in the front row—but for the women in the last row—I'll glorify them—" He stopped short. "Glorify?" he repeated. "Say—that's the word. Glorify." He paused. "Glorify the American Girl" he said and looked into space as if he saw the words shining in lights.

They glittered in lights not long afterwards, announcing the greatest musical New York had ever seen. Girls, girls, girls. Gloriously beautiful. Stars—Eddie Cantor, Bert Williams, and that gangling cowboy, Will Rogers.

Somehow Will's lariat work slowed up the show, although his occasional patter to the audience was hilarious.

"Why don't you talk more and rope less," suggested Ziegfeld. "Your wife tells me you keep her laughing all the time, just talking about things you read in the papers."

"Oh," laughed Bill. "Betty put you up to this. It's just a kind of habit I got of tellin' her all I know is what I read in the papers. She says that's what I ought to tell the audience. Sorta make kind of a running gag out of it."

"She's right," cried Ziggy. "Try it!"

It was the start of Rogers' career as America's Ambassador of Good Will.

The ideas for the shows were Ziegfeld's—but the worries were Sampston's, his manager. Bills, bills, bills piled high on all sides. Ziggy spent money for his shows

with the lavishness of a Potentate—there was no curtailing of expenses; faster than the money rolled in, it was spent; but the shows went merrily on.

Stars and girls were happy and thrilled working for him. Never had show girls been given such costumes or such opportunities. Never had girls been as beautiful as they were in his shows.

Perhaps the most beautiful of them all was Audrey Dane. Audrey could have been a great star too, because she had talent; but she had a weakness for champagne. He had to handle the problem personally in order to keep her fit for a performance. His interest in her was purely professional—she was the most beautiful in his collection of loveliness. Whether on the stage or in his show on the Ziegfeld Roof, there was no girl who could compare with Audrey. He could no more relinquish her beauty in his productions than he could let down on the cost of his shows or the extravagance that went into producing them.

How to keep Audrey from drinking became a serious problem. He solved it with gifts for her good behavior. Jewels were what she wanted, and jewels were what she received. And the girl, with a keen eye on Ziggy and an envy of Anna, saw to it that her name, her jewels and Ziegfeld were the source of back-stage conversation.

Anna felt the first pangs of directed jealousy. But she kept her head; she knew her Flo loved her as she did him; Audrey was a matter of business. She mustn't read into the situation what wasn't there. And yet, Audrey parted them eventually, bringing about their divorce, which was followed by the complete rift between Ziggy and herself. But not before Ziegfeld had gone on and on, producing bigger shows; making himself the greatest theatre name in the country.

It was for the newest of these shows that he wanted a different kind of talent. What? He didn't know for sure. Where to find it? He hadn't the faintest idea. Someone suggested a girl who had been wowing them down at the old Dewey Burlesque Theatre. Burlesque? he laughed in derision—but he went down there to see her, accompanied by Audrey.

He read her name on the program as he watched her work from the back of the orchestra. Fannie Brice. She had something. No doubt about that. How could he fit her into his shows, he wondered?

"I don't see how you expect to find any great stars in a place like this," protested Audrey, who stood beside him.

"Some of our greatest stars have come from places like this," he answered, and took her mink coat to hold for her. "Wait here. I'll be back in a minute," and with her coat still on his arm, he left for backstage.

Inside the cheap and dismal dressing room Fannie Brice sewed up the run in her stocking.

"Believe me," she said to the girl at the makeup table next her, "I'll never buy a bargain from one of those stage door peddlers again!"

"You said that before. Why did you let the fellow in?"

"He told the doorman his name was Dillingham."

"And you thought it was the producer, Mr. Dillingham," jeered the other, "calling to see you?"

"Well," shrugged Fannie. "I was optimistic."

A knock on the door cut her short.

"Miss Brice," called the stage manager. "Mr. Florenz Ziegfeld is here to see you."

"Aha!" she shouted. "Another peddler! First it's Dillingham—now it's Ziegfeld.

The stage manager opened the door. Ziegfeld, the mink coat still on his arm, stood behind him.

"Pardon this intrusion, Miss Brice, but I'm Mr. Ziegfeld."

"Is that so?" she answered. "Well, if you run into your friend Dillingham, tell him his stockings are terrible."

"Do you know Charlie Dillingham?" questioned Ziegfeld.

"Better than you know Ziegfeld," she retorted. "Well—come on—how much do you want for the coat?"

"Miss Brice," he protested, "I'm really here to offer you a great opportunity—"

"I know—that's what they all say—what's the price of the coat?"

He smiled. "It's mink; it cost twenty-seven hundred dollars."

"I'll give you forty for it—now get out before I change my mind."

Ziegfeld handed her the coat, and with a burst of laughter took her forty dollars and left. A few minutes later the stage manager returned with a note.

"Dear Fannie Brice," it read. "I shall expect you at my office in the new Amsterdam tomorrow, as I want to engage you for my new show.

Fannie let out a shriek! "It was Ziegfeld!" And collapsed to the floor.

She reported to his office next day and was hired for his new show. At last she was to be given a chance to wear beautiful clothes—to be feminine and alluring! Ziegfeld had other plans.

"What are you made up for?" he shouted when she reported for rehearsal. "I didn't engage you for your looks—"

She burst into tears.

"Sing that song"—he commanded.

"I can't—I'm crying," she sobbed.

"That's the way to sing it," he stormed.

And "My Man" became Fannie Brice's first claim to fame on Broadway.

Success after success followed in the Parade of Ziegfeld. One day he was up—one day down; but with his genius for showmanship he always found the means to stage a new show. Business boomed—fame

"I love you, Billie," he murmured. "I haven't anything to offer you because there's really nothing you seem to need. You made the most of yourself unassisted—and that's grand. You're a great star already. So there's little I can do for you—nothing I can give you—except my love."

was his—"Sally" and "Kid Boots" kept up his standards. Only now life was so lonely. His work and Anna had filled his life so completely he hadn't needed anything else. For the first time he found the need to attend social affairs. One of them was the costume ball at the famous Sixty Club.

At the Sixty Club he spied Billings with the loveliest girl he had ever seen in his life. She was slender, charming, her red-gold hair framing the delicate features of her face and enhancing the whiteness of her skin. Billings glanced quickly at him and whirled his partner out of Ziegfeld's way. He was taking no chance with Ziggy's way with women. Billie Burke had come to the ball only by the special permission of her pro-

ducer, Mr. Frohman; it was the first time Frohman had broken the ironclad rule that his stars must not attend public functions.

Ziegfeld followed them with his eyes. There was a girl he wanted to meet. There was a girl he did meet. There was a girl he married.

Five years elapsed with happiness piling high in the Ziegfeld home. Now there were three of them—Ziggy, Billie and Patricia, their daughter. But somehow life seemed to be taking its toll—with bad luck in his shows.

Then came the day when, in a barber shop, he heard three men discussing him: "He's all washed up," they said. "I'll have four shows on Broadway in no time," he shouted back at them.

Distraught he returned to his home at Hastings and told his wife the news. "They're right," he said. "I'm through."

"Flo," she cried, "I'm disappointed in you. I didn't think you'd ever lose confidence in yourself. It's been your sublime superiority more than anything else that has made up for many of your faults—and you have faults, dear, you know that. Don't be afraid of yourself." She rose from her chair, kissed him, and crossed the room to her wall safe. She opened it, then turned to him. "In here is all the jewelry you've ever given me—thousands of dollars worth; and many more thousands in bonds I bought myself. I've been saving it all for Patricia—but I'm going to give it to you on one condition—and that is you keep your promise and have four hits on Broadway."

"Rio Rita," "Rosalie," "Three Musketeers" and "Showboat" kept that promise.

Money poured into the box office and out again into the shows; into his plans for newer and bigger productions to be presented at his new Ziegfeld theatre.

For once Sampston was at peace. "We don't have to worry any more," he beamed.

"You don't even have to hope," laughed Ziegfeld. "Don't you realize what I've been doing on the market?"

"What?" shouted Sampston.

"I've been buying stocks. I've got over a million."

"Outright?" questioned the other quickly.

"No—on margin—but all solid securities. And when they're paid for I'll buy another million—and then another—I'm going to be really rich, Sampston—" the ringing of his phone interrupted him.

"Hello? What?" His face grew ashen white. "No!" he shouted. "No! No!" The receiver fell from his hand.

"What is it sir?" cried Sampston.

"The market," whispered Ziggy. "I mortgaged the shows to make the payment on that stock—and it's crashing." He looked up frantically. "Get Billings—get Billings—"

But Billings too was wiped out.

The market had crashed for them all.

* * *

The dimming lights of the "Showboat" sign at the Ziegfeld Theatre cast their gleam into the hotel suite across the way. At the window, gazing listlessly upon the scene outside, sat Ziegfeld.

His Billie had gone back to work. She was starring in "The Marquis." He shook his head. He never thought his wife would have to act again.

"Did you send those wires, Sidney?" he called to his valet. "Did you reach Eddie Cantor on the phone? Get him. Tell him I want him for a new show. Take a wire to Bill Fields—and one to Rogers. Didn't Rogers answer my other wire? Did you send the exact wire I told you to? Did you tell him I need him for my new show?" He stopped. "Wasn't that the bell, Sidney?"

He waited until the valet answered the door.

"Mr. Rogers!" whispered Sidney. "He'll be so glad to see you. He was just dictating a wire to you."

Rogers grinned. "That ain't news, Sidney. When Ziegfeld doesn't wire—that's news. Where is he? In there?" He ambled into the room. "Hello, Flo." He sat down opposite the sick man and looked at him long. "Say—you sorta been kiddin' folks, haven't you?" he laughed. "You don't look sick to me."

"I'm all right now," smiled Ziegfeld. "When did you get in, Bill?"

"Flew in this morning."

"Aren't you afraid of those planes?"

"Gosh no—of course they crack up now and then, but they kinda had a little trouble in those covered wagons too. I sorta reckon when it comes time to climb those golden steps to Heaven we're just goin' to climb, if we been kinda behavin' ourselves."

"Golden Steps to Heaven," murmured Ziegfeld—"That would make a great number."

They talked of shows and new ideas until Rogers felt that Ziegfeld was tiring himself. He got up to go.

"I'll be back tomorrow—we'll go over the details of the new show then." He shook his old friend's hand and left. Sidney took him to the door and returned to find his master walking up and down the room. "Don't tax your strength, sir," he begged.

"I've got to do things — didn't you hear what he said? He's coming back to me. Now I'll get Cantor, Bill Fields—Fannie Brice. I'll do the greatest show I've ever done—I'll"—he stopped as his voice broke. "Oh, Sidney," he wailed. "I'm terribly broke."

Sidney helped him into his chair. "You've been broke before, sir," he smiled.

"Yes, and I always laughed at it; but I can't laugh any more, Sidney, because I've been wrong. I've got nothing to leave Billie or my baby."

"Nothing, sir?" asked Sidney. "You'll leave them memories of the finest things ever done on the stage, sir—"

"That was nice of you, Sidney, to say that," whispered Ziegfeld. His voice grew strangely weak. His arms dropped limply to the side of his chair, and the gardenia he held in his hand fell to the floor.

The Great Ziegfeld had gone to rest, leaving behind the memory of the finest things ever done on the stage.

The three of them sat close, surrounded by love and happiness. "Oh, Daddy," cried the child, "this is wonderful."

ZIEGFELD
THEATRE

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

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